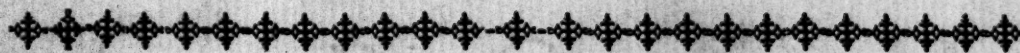


Rawlinson.



T H E

PRIEST DISSECTED:

A P O E M,

Addressed to the Rev. Mr. _____.

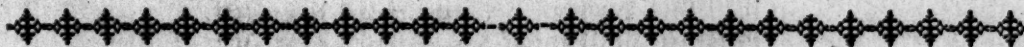
By the Author of the *NEW BATH GUIDE*.

C A N T O I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

_____ Quid me mihi detrahis, inquit,
Ah! piget, ah! non est, clamabat, Tibia tanti!

OVID. METAM.



Price *Two Shillings and Six-pence*.

PRIEST DISTRICT

A P



by the Author of the

T H E
PRIEST DISSECTED:
A P O E M,

Addressed to the Rev. Mr. ———,

AUTHOR OF
REGULUS, TOBY, CÆSAR,

And other SATIRICAL PIECES in the public Papers..



Calm and serene amid the scorching Flame
The Hero tug'd—and out the Monster came.

Page 26.

BATH: Printed by S. HAZARD;
And sold by DODSLEY, *Pall-Mall*, and WILKIE, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, LONDON;
FLETCHER and HODSON, at CAMBRIDGE; and by FREDERICK, TENNENT,
and HAZARD, at BATH.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

PRINTED BY

A. P. O. A. M.

Addressed to the Rev. Mr.

AUTHOR OF

REGULUS, TONY, & RICHARD

The following is a list of the books in the library



64

Advertisement to the Reader.

THE following stanzas were written on the establishment of a poetical assembly in the neighbourhood of Bath; and as the sole intention of them was to promote a little innocent mirth and pleasantry, the author had the happiness to find them very favourably received, as well by the lady to whom they were addressed, as the rest of the party concerned; but should not have thought them worthy of being submitted in this manner to the perusal of the public, had they not given occasion to a very unjust and illiberal abuse of him in the Bath Journal, and St. James's Chronicle, in certain pieces both in prose and verse; copies of which, together with the character of the

B

writer

writer of them, will be introduced as subjects for anatomy in the course of the poem. As the author has detected the person who has taken such unwarrantable liberties with him, and who appears to be one of whom at that time he had scarce a personal knowledge, and to whom he could have given no sort of provocation, he flatters himself he shall be justified in the opinion of the public, in endeavouring to bring to poetical justice an old offender: as it may be the means of exonerating the news-papers of much illiberal and wicked abuse, both on public and private characters, which this Reverend Gentleman assumes to himself the liberty of frequently inserting, under the signatures of Regulus, Toby, Cæsar, Clericus, Amicus, Monitor, &c.

STANZAS

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY

Reading a very SATIRICAL COPY of VERSES

HIGHLY REFLECTING ON

Mrs. *****'s *Poetical-Assembly* at Bath-Easton.

— Vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
transfer in ædem.

HORAT.

To Mrs. *****.

HUSH'D be the envious tongues that dare
Bright ***** to profane

Thy hallow'd shades, where science fair

Has fix'd her sacred reign.

Ah! well I ween, detraction base

Provok'd their impious lay,

Some dæmon, that bespeaks a race

Of vile Plebleian clay.

Who

Who shall arraign that blissful scene
 Which Phœbus' self approves?
 For which the loves and beauty's queen
 Forfake th' Idalian groves.

And ev'ry plant, and odorous flow'r
 That sips th' Aonian dew,
 Transplanted from the muse's bow'r
 Reserv'd its sweets for you.

Where courtly dames in bright array,
 Peers, knights, and statesmen meet,
 Contending all who first shall lay
 Their offering at thy feet.

Where tender maids and youths repair
 And court some muse's aid
 To speak---what oft'---the struggling tear---
 And half-drawn sigh betray'd:

With

With myrtles crown'd, (thy Guerdon fair,)

Their pleasing task they bring,

And blest in tuneful bondage hear

*Thy golden fetters ring.

Assembl'd in thy vocal grove

All catch the spark divine,

Like Delphic nymphs, or priests of Jove

At fam'd Dodona's shrine.

Ah me!--how vain in youth and age

To till Parnassian soil!

How fruitless, o'er the classic page

To waste the midnight oyl!

When you, to all your tuneful train

Can breathe the heav'nly flame,

And give to ev'ry rhyming swain

A POET'S SACRED NAME.

C

Teach

* Bouts rimés which are given out every week.

Teach lords and 'squires the lyre to sound
 And melt in amorous strains,
 Who erst so loud with horn and hound
 Alarm'd the peaceful plains,

Or temper'd well with gallant pride
 The manag'd courser's speed,
 But ne'er before presum'd to guide
 The muse's dang'rous feed.

Inspir'd by thee, without dismay
 The fiery horse they mount,---
 Mark! with what ease they wing their way
 And spurn th' Aonian fount!---

Thrice happy bards, your lays prolong;
 By your fond aid I deem,
 Old Avon shall contend in song
 With fair Castalia's stream;

While

While sweeter than the notes that thrill
 When dying swans complain
 He hears each wood, each echoing hill
 Resound your warbling strain,

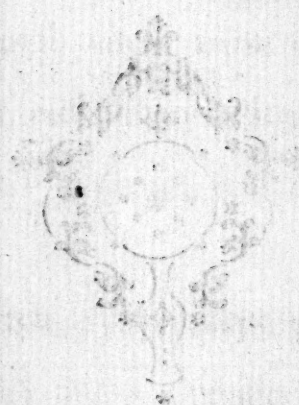
And starting from his dark abodes
 In majesty of mud
 Views songs, rhymes, epigrams, and odes
 Come tumbling down his flood.



PROLOGUE

While sweetest than the notes that shrill
When dying laws complain
He hears each wood, each echoing hill
Retound your warbling strain.

And flaring from his dark abode
In majesty of mind
Views long, thence, the scene
Goes tumbling down his road.



PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE.

WOE! to the just occasion that compels

My verse to satire, when my soul rebels;

Must I, unskill'd her angry bolts to fling,

Or draw fell poison from th' Aonian spring,

Must I, alas! the cruel task sustain,

To seek my triumphs from another's pain?

I, who to grief the pitying tear can lend,

Or smile at folly, but would ne'er offend;

D

Scribble,

**Scribble, sometimes, life's burthen to forget,*
 But claim no empire o'er the realms of wit;
Nor damn'd with love of fame the muse once more
 Tempts me to visit the Pierian shore;
 But for HIS fake, that dark ungenerous foe,
 Who now commands th' unwilling verse to flow;
 Ill-judging priest! whose comminations dire
 At once my laughter, and my rage inspire;
 Who vainly thinks the Christian church assigns
 Exclusive rights, to critical divines,
 Claims some superior privilege to curse,
 And damns alike the poet and the verse.

Yet once (he tells me) *with delight he view'd*
Each Roman genius in my verse renew'd;

And

* The reader will please to observe that all the words which are printed in Italic characters throughout the whole poem, are the property of the priest.

And still shall view, if ought of pedant lore
 His classic palate can regale once more ;
 Yes---oft' I'll wander o'er the Latian plain
 To charm his ears, (if yet his ears remain)
 Who long has reign'd so bold an enterpriser,
 In Evening Post, and Public Advertiser,
 Manners and men condemns unknown, unheard,
 And books of which he never read one word :
 A robber worse than Polypheme, or Cacus,
 Who to the dungeon of the press can take us,
 There on our mangled reputations dine,
 As late, sweet reader, he regal'd on mine ;
 Yet wonder not ; since him alike to feed
 *Peers, privy-counsellors and judges bleed,
 Sheriffs and members, while elections last,
 And aldermen afford a rich repast ;

On

* Vide Regulus. Publ. Adv. 1773 and 1774.

On *Galen's sons he batters at his ease,
 And roasted Scotchmen never fail to please;
 More savage now all pity can discard,
 And, worst of Cannibals, devours a bard.

Yet, O! fair sun, thou golden lamp of day,
 Who from such banquets turn'st thine eyes away,
 O! may this son of Pelops ne'er digest
 The horrors of that dire inhuman feast;
 Inspire one spark celestial to my strains,
 To sweat him first, then slay him for his pains!
 And be it known to all that meddling scum
 Of scribbling priests to whom these presents come,
 Such as with wrath and Slander dare to swerve
 From the mild precepts of the God they serve,
 Those base dispensers both of verse and prose,
 That I by kind Thalia's grace propose,

With

* Vide Toby. Pub. Adv. March 1773.

With just reply this subject to correct,
 Then duly FLAY'D, to open and dissect,
 That all may know, by viewing the deceas'd,
 The parts component of a worthless priest—

Then when the muse shall analyze his clay,
 Th' untutor'd child, and hoary eld shall say,
 " *Is THIS the Guide, to whom our souls are given,
 " Shall scoundrel link-boys light the way to heaven:---
 " Disgrace to those whom Providence design'd,
 " With virtuous lives to teach and bless mankind?"

Bring forth this self-made monarch of a day,
 Who like Sicilian tyrants holds his sway,
 Yet to sweet freedom's ever-soothing note,
 Joins the harsh discord of his patriot throat,

E

Levels

* See Verses address'd to the Author, sign'd Clericus. Bath Courant,
 July 10, 1773 :—Of which more hereafter.

Levels his wrath at all who dare control
 The fierce emotions of his free-born soul:
 But why at me? whom far from party rage
 No furious schemes of politics engage;

From wealth, from honours, and from courts remov'd
 I've kept the silent path my genius lov'd,
 And pity'd those whom fortune oft' beguiles,
 With flatt'ring hopes from false ambition's smiles;
 Hence far from me the prostituted hour
 Of adulation base on pride or pow'r,
 Hence (thanks to heav'n) I ne'er was doom'd to know
 What bitter streams from disappointment flow:
 Oh! bane of life's sweet cup! you oft' compel
 Your wretched victim in some lonely cell,
 (Such as contains, I deem, that hapless bard
 Who claims this instance of my just regard)

With

With foul that erst to insolence could cringe
 To seek the means of impotent revenge ;
 Vile letters for vile printers to compose,
 In one dull series of perpetual prose,
 Or foaring on the muse's eagle wings,
 Abuse alike all ministers and kings :
 Peace to such scribes : from such protect my name,
 Whose praise is infamy, whose censure fame:

Nor shall it e'er in future times be said,
 (If e'er in future times my verse be read)
 That I (tho' fame applaud me to my wrong)
 Stood forth the champion of HEROIC SONG,
 Or once have felt, (so heav'n direct my ways)
 The conscious pang of self-condemning praise ;
 Tho' but with ivy deck'd, without a frown
 I can behold another's laurel crown,

Unfit

Unfit for me ; who from the secret shade
 Ne'er to the throne my humble muse convey'd,
 Ne'er dar'd at majesty my jest to aim
 Or sport familiar with its sacred name :

Oh no----could I the fragrant garland twine
 Of sweetest flow'rs that bloom round virtue's shrine,
 To grace the husband, father, and the man
 Who lives and governs on the Christian plan,
 Pleas'd with mild arts his empire to improve,
 Blest in his dear, and virtuous consort's love,
 Who 'mid the toils of state his hours employs,
 On ten sweet pledges of connubial joys,
 And gives to me (who equal numbers share)
 A bright example of paternal care-----
 Then would I raise my feeble voice to sing
 My good, my honour'd, and my gracious King.

REPLY

R E P L Y

TO THE

Reverend Mr. _____.

_____ *Quis*

Tam patiens—tam ferreus ut teneat se?

Juv.

AND what art thou! whose unprovok'd disdain
 Makes ME the subject of thy rancrous strain?
 With every talent that adorns at once
 The pedant, coxcomb, slanderer, and dunce,

F

Say,

Say, could no civil, no religious broil
 Employ the priest's, or politician's toil,
 Could'st thou not find one object for thine hate,
 One virtuous character in church or state;
 No harmless virgin to provoke thy wrath
 'Mongst all the fair inhabitants of Bath;
 Not one poor native of the Scotian shore,
 Unfung by thee, and not abus'd before,
 Who wiser far than me with just disdain
 Might read thy slander, and his wrath contain?
 Ah! weel, right weel, he kens thy vile lampoon,
 Yet aye contemns thy jibes,----thou canker'd loon,
 Kind Scots! to whom thy heartiest thanks be given,
 For suff'ring thee to crawl 'twixt earth and heav'n.---
 *Haft thou so soon forgot thy fav'rite themes,
 Those gallant youths who drink sweet Liffy's streams?

They,

* Vid. Bath Contest, and other productions of this author.

They, generous souls, compassionate thy pains,
 And oft' in pity to thy labouring strains,
 Would fain the midwife's kind assistance use
 To speed the produce of thy struggling muse,
 Obstetricate as Vulcan did for Jove,
 When in his head the infant Pallas strove,
 And freely lend a hatchet or a cane
 To ease the torments of thy costive brain ;
 On me at length must thou disgorge thy spleen,
 Who ne'er but once thy miscreant face have seen ?
 On me invoke thy pestilential muse
 To breathe such pois'nous vapours in the news ?
 Then like some dark ill-omen'd bird of night
 Wing to the conscious shade thy hateful flight ?
 Yet tremble wheresoe'er thou screen'st thine head,
 Whether to *Don Saltero's thou art fled
 On scraps of hungry politicians fed

}
Or

* Coffee-house at Chelsea.

Or at the *Chapter wait'st some printer's call
 Lurching around the regions of St. Paul,
 Or rather dost thou skulk in that fam'd street
 Where captive bards oft' tune their ditties sweet
 To liberty, within the precincts of the Fleet;
 There to reward thy daily lyes art call'd in
 To eat the crusts of charitable Baldwin,
 Answer to CÆSAR, REGULUS, or TOBY,
 Or any other name CANTINE you go by :
 TAKE HEED-----tho' ev'ry darksome fiend of night
 Defend thee from the ken of mortal sight,
 Tho' cellar, or tho' garret hide thy flame,
 Tho' war with me each scrib'ling dunce proclaim,
 Dæmons ! that erst had made my nature shrink,
 †Memnonian tribes, black fusileers of ink

Couch'd

* Coffee-house at St. Paul's Church-yard.

† Nigri Memnonis Arma. Virg. Æn. Lib. I. Hom. Odyss. II.

Couch'd in poetic corner all conspire
 At me their crackers, and their squibs to fire,
 Tho' friends, as dear to me as life, agree
 'Tis *base*, to grapple with a foe like thee,
 By heav'ns I'll drag thee forth; as erst the son
 Of Jove, from Pluto's self his trophies won,
 What time Eurystheus by fell Juno's ire
 Compell'd the godlike hero to aspire
 To deeds of matchless fame; he undismay'd
 Pierc'd through the realms of everlasting shade,
 Th' infernal king's prerogative to quell,
 And drag the triple-headed thief from hell;
 Him watchful e'en in slumbers at the door
 Lift'ning th' arch-hell-hound heard, and straight with roar
 Insufferable, shook the gates of Dis,
 And made Styx shudder thro' its deep abyss;

G

Nathless

Nathless (like him the skilful artist's hand
 *Has giv'n depicted in the front to stand,)

Calm and serene amid the scorching flame,
 The hero tug'd,---and out the monster came ;
 Conquering he smil'd, and lo ! th' accursed race
 Of snakes, that erst in life were scribblers base,
 Dropt fangless at his feet ; in foul abode
 Trembling aloof th' affrighted Harpeys stood,
 Base fiends ! which all mythologists agree
 Were printers once, and kept such dogs as thee.---

Out to the realms of light---I'll speak thy name---
 Thou dy'st a victim to my injur'd fame---
 Heav'ns !---when I point my vengeance at his heart,---
 Soft mercy pleads---and checks my trembling dart ;
 Oh ! what can hold such conflict in the mind,
 As generous pity, with resentment join'd !

Must

* Vide frontispiece.

Must then, alas! my injur'd *genius* sleep,

*And, I, like helpless child, sit down and weep?

Oh no! behold she comes with smiling air

The goddess comes, the sweet Thalia's there;

And "ah! what tumult's this, for shame," she cries,

"Laugh at his insolence, his wrath despise;

"What if at thee, with critic malice stung,

"He darts the venom of his canker'd tongue,

"Heed not his taunts, while Bath's bright nymphs and ^[swains]

"Dwell on the numbers of your harmless strains:

"While Clare, the fav'rite of our tuneful choir,

"Listens the jingling of your mirthful lyre,

"While virtuous Leeds approves your †midnight oyl,

"And York's great prelate condescends to smile.---

A U T H O R.

* Inultus ut flebo puer. Horat. Epod.

† An expression in the stanzas which the priest found great fault with.

A U T H O R.

Oh ! may gay health, that floats on Zephyr wing
 With Moysey's art, and Bath's falubrious spring,
 Give him with joy his crozier long to hold,---
 And drive such vermine from the sacred fold.----

T H A L I A.

Can then such anger in thy bosom rise
 If this poor son of Aristarchus tries
 His critic rod, thine errors to chastise?

}

A U T H O R.

Think not sweet ruler of the comic page,
 The critic's censure can provoke my rage ;
 Errors from frailty sprung, or small neglect
 Judicious critics pardon and correct,

Nor

Nor let the bard the friendly hand accuse
 That curbs the fallies of his wand'ring muse ;
 If e'er he chance to flumber o'er his theme,
 The critic rod may rouse him from his dream,
 Nor should he wake displeas'd, or censure those
 Who for his welfare banish his repose :
 If ought unworthy of the bard appear,
 Unfit for you, or Phœbus' self to hear,
 Too mean the subject in his verse to shine
 (As is perhaps this groveling priest in mine ;)
 Let him with patience to the rod submit,
 And unrepining bear the critic wit.

But is this sophister, this cynic base,
 This last worst remnant of the Bavian race,
 All unprovok'd, my conduct to reprove,
 Teach me, as he directs, to *sleep* or move ?

H

Tir'd

Tir'd with the toils my anxious life sustains,
 For their dear sakes, who claim my constant pains,
 And still shall claim what yet of life remains:
 Must I beg leave of him (who strives, I deem,
 In vain to rob me of their fond esteem)
 To tell with thee my inoffensive tale,
 And pluck one flowret in th' Aonian vale,
 One hour at *whist* or *billiards* to beguile,
 And ask of him the privilege to smile?
 Of HIM, whose callous misanthropic heart
 Ne'er felt the joys which social smiles impart,
 Smiles, that delight to dwell in converse sweet,
 And live with decency, and jest discreet,
 Where mutual foibles, slightly touch'd, give birth
 To friendly contest, and well-temper'd mirth;

But

But ever-pining hate, that hideous pest,
 Distressing all, and by itself distressed,
 Stands haggard in his ghastly looks confest:
 With horse-shoe mouth, and unrelenting jaws,
 Which never smil'd, but at th' unrighteous cause,
 Of others sorrow, or his own applause!
 Heav'ns ! if he ranks me 'mong the gambling crew,
 The bastinado shall his wrath subdue,
 Which from an injur'd and a valiant CHIEL,*
 His bones so lately were condemn'd to feel.

T-H A L I A.

Not all the falsehood envy's self can feign
 Should give th' unconscious mind one moment's pain.

Restrain

* Infandum, regina, jubes, renovare dolorem. Vid. Pub. Adv.

Restrain thine anger—to the slanderer's scorn
 Contempt and pity are the best return :
 Silence to such more torment can impart,
 More fatal prove than satire's keenest dart ;
 Had not he found some object to revile,
 This foulmouth'd priest had perish'd in his bile,
 *Hooper had hir'd some mongrel in his stead,
 And Baldwin bilk'd him of his daily bread,
 Hunger to death, in pity to mankind,
 His dev'l-deserted carcase had consign'd.

Think not, I patronise the impious lay
 Which base assassins in the dark convey ;
 The wretch who seeks to aggrandize his name
 Built on the ruins of another's fame,
 Shall find no friend among the virtuous nine,
 Or claim protection at their sacred shrine.

Come

* A Bath printer, of whom honourable mention will be made hereafter.

Come--- since this scribbler's calumny and lies
 (Which still, perhaps, 'twere better to despise)
 May circulate 'mongst those who know thee not
 I'll give thee leave -----

A U T H O R.

To take the worthless sot
 Dear goddess now, and flay him on the spot.

T H A L I A.

'Twere better, first, a vomit to promote,
 And cram his own d---d verses down his throat,
 For oft' the nonsense which from verse distils
 Creates a qualm like oxymel of squills;
 Which makes it strange that learned men should choose
 To work so much in critical reviews;

I

Unwholesome

*Unwholesome trade! what poison can be worse

Than vile effluvia of unmeaning verse?

But when in flat insipid strains you find

An acid quality with dulness join'd,

They're worse than cyder-lees with lead refin'd ;

Which many a blundering and malicious elf,

Prepares for others, but must drink himself :

Such be his fate ; do thou in rhyme jocose

Retort his bane ; 'till many a potent dose

O'erpow'r his breath; and to the world make known

His scorpion death, from poison all his own :

Then lay your patient dead upon the floor,

As skilful doctors oft' have done before;

Exert the whole anatomizing art,

I'll play myself th' assistant surgeon's part.

AUTHOR.

* Vid. Rammazini Diatrib. de morbis Artificum, caput ultimum—

A U T H O R.

*O come then from thine awful courts above
 Dread offspring of necessity and Jove,
 Immortal Nemesis; thy pow'r divine
 Nations revere, and tremble at thy shrine;
 Thy brazen arm the culprit ne'er forsakes,
 Thy foot with flow, yet certain pace o'ertakes;
 Thou who to me so lately didst convey
 The unfought fasces of the sheriff sway,
 Prefer'd by men of virtue, worth, and sense
 To serve my country—at my own expence,—
 Once more to me a sheriff's right consign,
 To claim the carcase of this foul divine:
 Nor grant the wretch that benefit to know
 Which antient laws on learned clerks bestow;

Such

* Euripd. Phœn.

Such benefit for those was ne'er decreed
 Who still must scribble, tho' they scarce can read.—
 Come, goddess, come, thy horrid rites begin,
 Tear off at once his cassock and his skin,
 And grant to me, fans pity or remorse,
 Freely to descant on his mangled corse:

And, O ye nine! your instruments prepare,
 Some to cut up, and some, with solemn air,
 To breathe wild notes of horror and despair,
 Such as resounded on the Thracian plains
 To *Thamyris, and mock'd his heart-felt pains,
 When by your potent harmony subdu'd
 Him with just anger all your choir pursu'd,
 Pierc'd with your quills the organs of his sight,
 And sunk their orbs in everduring night:

* Hom. Ili. 2d.

Nor shalt thou not be there, great god of song,
 Hear and redress one injur'd poet's wrong,
 Come, but with look indignant and severe,
 Such as in horrid picture you appear,
 Biting thy lips, thy hands besmear'd with gore,
 *As when thou stood'st upon the Phrygian shore,
 Tearing the skin o'er Marsya's bleeding ears—
 The trembling satyrs round confess their fears—
 Ah! Phœbus, ah! he cries, my scrannel pipe
 Deserv'd not this—confound that cursed gripe---
 Oh! I repent my base infernal lies,—
 'Tis all too late, the angry god replies.
 To envious bards let Marsya's fate be known,—
 Cyllene's hollow rocks rebellow to his moan.

End of the First Canto.

K

* Ov. Met. Lib. vi.

With all convenient Speed will be published,

T H E
S E C O N D C A N T O,
CONTAINING THE
POETICAL BODY of the PRIEST,
AND LIKEWISE THE
D I S S E C T I O N.

In the mean time the author begs leave to present his readers with a little profaick offspring, belonging to this malefactor, which, died in the St. James's Chronicle, March 16, 1774. This little miscreant was brought into the world by Mr. Henry Baldwin of the Britannia printing-office in Fleet-street; which after it had abused many friends of the author, proceeded to revile him in the following manner:

—One of our Bath Bards, who was allow'd to be a tolerable rhymers, though no poet, has alas! once more attempted to commit suicide in the river Avon, for he some time since plunged his muse in the mud about a cabbage garden, and now, *damn'd with the love of fame*, has thrown himself in a second time, and has had a very narrow escape, for he is whelmed in the majesty of mud, and just expiring. His muse's *winding sheet* is bauld through the streets for one penny, and the great Guide of Bath now with Milton's drowned Lycidas floats on his watery bier, never to rise again in the esteem of the learned, who find his genius was short-liv'd, and never ordained to gain the sublime heights of Parnassus; but only to gambol at the foot with Buckhorse and Blunderhead.

Your's, &c.

C Æ S A R.



To Mr. HENRY BALDWIN,

At the BRITANNIA PRINTING-OFFICE,
FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

S I R,

THE favour of your company is desired to meet Messrs. KEENE and HOOPER, two BATH devils, (who attended the deceased divine, during his late illness) in order to join a chorus of infernals, which will be introduced in the second canto, after the manner of the Greeks, previous to the dissection.

I have the honour to be,

S I R,

Your much obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

CRESCENT, BATH,
MAY 23, 1774.

The A U T H O R.

TO MR. HENRY BALDWIN

At the BRITANNIA PRINTING OFFICE,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SIR,

THE favour of your company is desired to
meet Messrs. Keene and Hooper, two Bath
devils, (who attended the deceased diving, during
his late illness) in order to join a chorus of inter-
nals, which will be introduced in the second canto,
after the manner of the Greek, previous to the
dissection.



I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

And most obedt

Humble servant,

CRESCENT BATH
MAY 23 1757

The AUTHOR.